

STEMMING THE THRUST — OUR LINE INTACT

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1918

One Penny.

SLANDERS ON W.A.A.C.s TRIUMPHANTLY DISPROVED



Excellent reports have been received by the Army Council of the behaviour of this party of W.A.A.C.s during the fighting in France.—(Official photograph.)



They appear to find "Tommy" an entertaining fellow.—(Official photograph.)

"We can find no justification of any kind for the vague accusations of immoral conduct on a large scale which have been circulated about the W.A.A.C.s." This statement is



A company of W.A.A.C.s on the road in Northern France.—(Official photograph) made in a report by the Women's Commission of Inquiry which visited twenty-nine W.A.A.C. camps and hostels in France.—(Official photographs.)



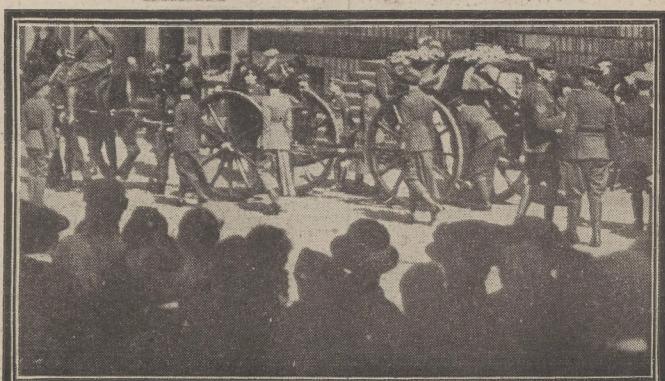
Rev. A. Richardson.

Rev. A. H. Hatfield.

Rev. W. B. Soole.

Three Mansfield clergymen—the Rev. W. B. Soole, vicar of St. John's, Mansfield; the Rev. A. H. Hatfield, vicar of Pleasley Hill, and the Rev. A. Richardson, curate of St. John's—have enlisted for combatant service. They hope to be in the same regiment as privates.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

WOMAN WAR WORKER'S MILITARY FUNERAL.



Placing the coffin on the gun-carriage at the funeral of Mrs. Maclean, of the Woman's Legion, who was killed while on duty in Edinburgh. This was the first military funeral of the Woman's Legion.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

STRATEGIC COUNCIL FOR AIR FORCE.

Important Step Taken by the Air Minister.

PROMOTION BY MERIT.

Why Home Staff Officers Nearly Equal War Pilots' Numbers.

A small Strategic Council is being formed for the Royal Air Force.

This important Council will consist of specialists, who will not only deal with the ever-novel aerial warfare problems that constantly arise, but will visualise some of the future aerial problems.

Other innovations which Lord Rothermere, the Air Minister, is introducing include:—

1. Open door for promotion by merit.

2. War service to count first in staff appointments.

These steps are given in the following letter which the Air Minister has sent to Colonel Faber, M.P.:—

"Regarding your call upon me last week, and your subsequent letter, I wish to assure you that the subjects we discussed are having my most earnest attention."

"I desire to make the number of staff officers in the home organisation of the Flying Service is nearly as great as the number of active airmen on the fighting fronts."

"It is deplorable, but I am not responsible for the system which engenders such a multiplicity of staff appointments."

"A swollen organisation always means inefficiency and administration, but it is to be said for the present system that hastily improvised arrangements made in war time must always be somewhat cumbersome, and will always leave plenty of room for criticism."

"A REAL STRATEGIC STAFF."

"There is much duplication, and a great many of the most efficient officers are engaged in filling up unnecessary forms and carrying out circumlocutory methods of conducting business."

"Of course, the Hotel Cecil does not lend itself to efficient organisation. It is, as you know, a vast building with a multitude of small rooms."

"Supervision is difficult, and there is necessary the exchange of correspondence which could be avoided if the staff were accommodated in a building with a small number of very large rooms."

"However, I am afraid there is no remedy here, because it is impossible to obtain more serviceable premises."

"Above all things the Air Force needs a real strategic staff. Almost every move of the enemy on the land front will call for some new aerial problem which requires instant examination and consideration."

"A small Strategic Council is now being formed, the members of which will be selected for their knowledge of aerial warfare, and for their capacity to envisage some of the aerial problems which the coming months and years will bring to the front."

"BACKBONE OF SERVICES."

"I intend that the door shall be thrown wide open for promotion of any and every officer whose merit, first from the disciplinary and then from the flying or technical point of view entitles him to advancement."

"A regular officer must always receive priority of consideration."

"He is the backbone of the three fighting Services, but, after all his claims have been met, there should be wide scope for the promotion of Temporary and Special Reserve officers, for in the Air Force these officers comprise more than nine per cent. of the entire staff."

"A regular officer must rise to the rank of brigadier-general on an average of battle-fronts or in the training divisions at home."

"In regard to staff appointments, I think that in the hurry of getting things done not sufficient consideration was paid, when selections were being made to the home staff, to the claims of wounded and incapacitated airmen."

"WAR SERVICE TO COUNT."

"In future, when an appointment is to be made, war service will count first."

"There is the other matter we discussed, which is of urgent importance, but which I would rather not further refer to in my letter. I recognise its gravity, and am taking immediate measures."

"It is a matter which, fortunately, concerns the home organisation, and is, therefore, capable of direct handling. It has caused me great deal of anxiety, and I am fully aware of my profound responsibility. I have received many letters on the subject."

"You may be disappointed with my letter. War, however, is not the time to make changes, and for my part, whatever counsels are adopted must be left to the past so in the future—act except after the most deliberate consideration, and then only with the most meticulous care."—ROTHERMERE."

FAMOUS DANCER AND M.P.

Mr. Noel Pemberton Billing, M.P., was on Saturday committed for trial (defendant being allowed bail) on account of having published a false and defamatory libel on Miss Maud Allan, the famous dancer, and Mr. J. T. Green, in a paper called *Vigilante*.

KAISER AND CALAIS.



"WRENS" MAKE GOOD.

How Women Are Proving Their Worth at Naval Stations.

PROMOTION FOLLOWS TRIAL.

The existence of the Women's Royal Naval Service is gradually making itself felt all over the British Isles.

The Navy is not taking the "Wrens" on trust; the experiment of employing women was by no means welcome in all quarters, so the "Wrens" had to prove their value. A couple of instances will illustrate this.

A certain naval officer, when told that one of the "Wrens" was being sent for duty in his district, demurred. However, she turned up promptly to get to work and proved so efficient that he gave her a promotion two weeks all previous against her had been banished.

Before very long he felt justified in recommending her for promotion.

At another naval station some "Wren" cleaners were put in to replace men as seaplane cleaners. The pilots were inclined to bemoan their fate at first; but here, again, the "Wrens" "made good," and before many days had passed everyone admitted that never before had the seaplanes been so well kept.

PARIS SHELLED BY NIGHT.

New Phase of Huns' Long-Range Bombardment—No Casualties.

PARIS, Sunday.—A new phase of the bombardment of Paris by the giant gun was opened last night. The long-range cannon, after firing during the day, began to fire during the night.

The *Matin* states that the bombardment caused comparatively little material damage.

No casualties had been reported when the bombardment ceased. Parisians showed no signs of alarm.

Later.—The long-range bombardment of Paris was resumed to-day.—Reuter.

HUNS' NEW "PROGRAMME."

Reichstag Renounces Policy of "No Annexations or Indemnities."

PARIS, Sunday.—A Zurich message (says the *Taegliche Rundschau*) gives prominence to an announcement that the Imperial Government has definitely annulled the peace resolution "without annexation or indemnity" voted by a majority of the Reichstag in July.

Count Hertling, leader of the Majority Party, stated that they adhered to their original declaration he would resign, whereupon sections of the Majority adopted the Chancellor's point of view and formally signified their acceptance of the new programme of the Imperial Government, comprising the incorporation with Germany of French territories and of the coast of Flanders in Belgium, as well as the payment to Germany by the Western Powers of a considerable war indemnity.

The German people are warned that that will at least take time.

At the same time, the collapse of Russia has given the Germans such hope that there is no longer any demand for peace on reasonable terms.

FOOD FOR THE NATION.

Men too old and boys too young for the Army can help to provide food for the nation by growing potatoes.

To encourage this important enterprise *The Daily Mirror* is offering £750 in cash prizes to amateur potato growers in allotments, private and school gardens as follows:—

First prize ... £500	Fourth prize ... £25
Second prize 100	10
Third prize ... 50	13 prizes of ... 5
Start planting potatoes to-day.	

Meanwhile there is a growing insecurity of life and property in Berlin and the towns.

As in Belgium, nearly every German, though not a Bolshevik, has to submit to being robbed of clothes or boots in the open streets.

There is a dying down of the once great hopes of getting abundant food supplies from Russia.

YUVENILE SHOPPERS.

Boys and Girls Who Help Mothers to "Keep House."

Women are finding the bright side of the Man-Power Bill in the discovery that the average boy and girl have exceptional ability for aiding in the housekeeping.

The woman who is thrown entirely on her own resources finds in the "child-house" a welcome outlet for her energies.

During Saturday's shopping a small boy demanded to see every brand of tinned salmon before placing his order. A little girl with a long list of items showed wisdom in the selection of her articles.

A schoolmistress said to *The Daily Mirror* that cooking is one of the most popular studies.

"The girls," she said, "like to cook at home the foods they learn to cook in class."

NEWS ITEMS.

Snow on the Hills.—Snow has fallen on the Higher Pennines through the night.

Sinn Feiner Shot.—In an encounter between Sinn Feiners and the police at Gortalea on Saturday night a young man named Brown was shot dead.

World's Champion Riveter.—Charles Schock, a Baltimore riveter, has shattered the world's record for driving rivets, having driven 2,720 rivets in a nine-hour day.

Bagdad Stationmaster.—Sergeant Albert Pritchard, Somerset Light Infantry, who was mentioned in the late General Sir Stanley Maude's Mesopotamia dispatch, is station master at Bagdad.

To-day's Boxing.—The feather-weights, Joe Conn and Danny Morgan, box fifteen rounds at the National Sporting Club to-night. This afternoon Seaman Eddie Stevens and Ernie Rice (at the Ring), and Roy McCormick and Barney Tooley (at Hoxton) box twenty-round bouts.

U.S. MISSION IN LONDON.

The party of Americans, including nine representatives of American Labour, who are seeing conditions of war conditions, arrived in London yesterday.

Mr. J. Wilson, president of the Pattiemakers' League of North America, told a Press representative that America is in the war to the end, and Labour would not allow any premature peace talk. The women delegates said they were greatly impressed by what they had already seen. "The work of the women is simply wonderful," was their verdict.

POTATOES NOW KEEP GERMANS ALIVE.

'Fatless Brain' Prevalent Amongst the Elderly.

MUCH CRIME IN BERLIN.

Information from reliable sources received by *The Daily Mirror* seems to show that the economic condition of Germany, though grave, is in some respects not so serious as it was this time last year.

Germany is largely living on potatoes, of which they have an increased supply. Britons, if necessary, could do the same.

Deficiencies in diet are producing, besides the now common "hunger typhus," a new form of complaint known as the "fatless brain"—prevalent amongst the elderly people, whose rations have been further reduced. "Fatless brain" means that the sufferer has all power of concentration and diminished effort.

The secret food trade of smuggling and grabbing extra "bits" flourishes exceedingly. Large sums of money are invested in it. They call it *Schleichhandel*. There are factories of forged food tickets. Genuine tickets are burgled from the food offices.

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M.P. WHO IS NOT GOING TO SHIRK.

Addressing a meeting of business men of the Marylebone jury on Saturday on Mrs. Flora McKay Petersen, fifty-five, the wife of a Mr. William Petersen, a shipowner, who was found dead in her bath at Portland-place, W.

Mr. Petersen said that his wife was subject to heart attacks, and had been cautioned about her habit of taking a hot bath daily.

BRIG.-GEN. ASQUITH'S NEW POST.

The Minister of Munitions has appointed Brigadier-General Arthur M. Asquith, D.S.O., to be Controller of the Trench Warfare Department of the Ministry, in succession to Major-General G. T. M. Bridges, C.M.G., D.S.O., employed on special duty.

Addressing a meeting of business men of the

BRITISH LINE STILL INTACT DESPITE HUN BLOWS

Gallant Stand of Our Men Against Frequent Assaults in Great Strength.

BATTLE FOR BAILLEUL BEGINS AGAIN.

Fighting Continuing on This Front—Count Reventlow Angry with the Austrian Royal Family.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Sunday.

10.59 A.M.—After heavy fighting lasting throughout the evening the strong attacks launched by the enemy yesterday afternoon from Meteren to Wulverghem were repulsed.

Early in the night the enemy again attacked at Neuve Eglise for the fourth time during the day and was once more repulsed.

In addition to the attacks already reported the enemy made a determined attempt yesterday evening against our defences in the neighbourhood of Festubert and was beaten off.

On this portion of the battle front and north-westwards as far as Locon numerous bodies of hostile troops were effectively engaged during the evening at short range by our infantry and artillery fire.

At the end of a day of continuous fighting and frequent assaults, many of them delivered in great strength on all parts of the Lys battle front, our line was reported to be intact.

The enemy's losses throughout yesterday's fighting are reported to have been most severe.

In the course of the night fighting was renewed about Neuve Eglise and this morning the enemy has recommenced his attacks in the neighbourhood of Bailleul. Fighting is continuing on this front.

"GREAT MASS OF ALLIED RESERVES STILL INTACT."

How the Present Battle Line Runs from Hollebeke to La Bassee.

PARIS, Sunday.—Reuter's expert commentator, writing last night, says:—

According to latest news the front follows approximately the following line:

From east to west it went by the village of Hollebeke to the Messines Ridge, passing to the east of the outskirts of Wulverghem, then to Neuve Eglise and Bailleul to Meteren.

Then it went south-west and past Merris across the Bailleul-St. Omer railway line and along the eastern outskirts of the Forest of Nieppe, cutting the Lys towards St. Floris and so on to Robercœuf on the Clarence.

Turning then in the other direction from west to east, it went along the Aire Canal to La Drassée, passing the village of Locon situated five kilometres north of Béthune and the western outskirts of Festubert and thus coming to Givry and the Aire Canal.

On the whole front from the Germans are continuing attacks which are in the nature of a diversion, for the purpose of distracting attention from the principal battle area, and of keeping away our reserves, but in this they have failed, for the French troops occupying the sectors affected are sufficient.

The great mass of our reserves is intact and at the disposal of the General Command.

The enemy persists in his ruthless bombardment of the unarmed city of Béthune, entire quarters of which are now a prey to the flames.—Reuter.

TRIALS OF FIGHTING IN MUD AND MARSH.

What Our Troops Are Facing in Great Flanders Battle.

PARIS, Sunday.—M. Joseph Reinach, in an article which he publishes in the *Figaro* under the signature of "Polybe," renders justice to the bravery of the British troops in these words:—

"It does not seem to me that all the English military writers like the others realise exactly and equitably the British effort on the scene of this violent battle. If they do not appreciate at its true value the English, it is because they do not know sufficiently the theatre of these cruel engagements."

In truth there are not many places more unsuitable for a defensive battle than these plains, where Artois ends in Flanders, where there is water, where slime or sand is everywhere to go, where one cannot make a hole without finding it, and consequently where one cannot dig a trench; where marshy land accompanies the rivers on their entry into the plain; where infinite military horizon gives every hillock such as Cassel or the Mont des Cats the aspect of gigantic pyramids.—Exchange.

REVENTLOW ANGRY WITH AUSTRIAN ROYAL FAMILY.

Accusations of Being Friendly with the Enemy.

COPENHAGEN, Sunday.—Count Reventlow, in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, criticises, in an article headed "Why So Silent?" the Austrian Government for its manner and proceeding in regard to the letters written by the Emperor Charles. The author calls for a more frank attitude on the part of the Austrian Government, even if there is something disagreeable in the letters. The brothers of the Empress Zita are serving in the Belgian Red Cross, but have several times visited Zita in Vienna, notwithstanding that fact.

They were brought by motor after these visits to the Italian frontier, and further exchanges of letters took place.

The fact concludes the Count, that the brothers of the Empress are serving in an enemy army is a disagreeable one for the German people, as it practically means that the royal family of Austria sympathises with the enemy.—Exchange.

"EMPEROR CONFOUNDED."

PARIS, Sunday.—The following official note has been issued here:—There are rotten consciences.

The Emperor Charles, finding it impossible to save his face, falls into the stammerings of a man confounded.

He is now reduced to accusing his brother-in-law of forgery by fabricating with his own hands a long test, which he has signed, the text of which has been published by the French Government.

The text was communicated in the presence of M. Jules Cambon, Secretary-General of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and delegated for this purpose by the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the President of the Republic.

The Prince spoke of the matter to M. Ribot himself in terms which would have been devoid of sense if the act had not been for the sake of his son.

It is not evidence that no conversation could have been opened and that the President of the Republic would not even have received the Prince a second time if the latter, at Austria's instance, had been the bearer of a document which contested our rights instead of affirming them?

The Emperor Charles' letter, as we have quoted it, was shown by Prince Sixtus himself to the Chief of State. Moreover, two friends of the Prince can attest the authenticity of the letter, especially the one who received it from the Prince to copy it.—Reuter.

GUN DUELS IN ITALY.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

SUNDAY.—The activity of the hostile artillery was confined to desultory and intermittent shots along the whole front.

We carried out effective concentrations against enemy batteries on the Asiago plateau and along the Piave.—Central News.



Our line is still intact. The Germans yesterday made fresh efforts in the region of Bailleul.

STRATEGIC COUNCIL FOR THE AIR FORCE.

Specially Selected Staff for Warfare Problems.

QUESTION OF PROMOTION.

Lord Rothermere, the Air Minister, has addressed the following letter to Colonel Faber, M.P.:—

"Regarding your call upon me last week, and your subsequent letter, I wish to assure you that the subjects we discussed are having my most earnest attention.

"It is true that the number of staff officers in the home organisation of the Flying Service is nearly as great as the number of active airmen on the fighting fronts.

"It is deplorable, but I am not responsible for the system which engenders such a multiplicity of staff appointments.

"A rotten organisation always means inefficient administration, but it is to be said for the present system that hastily improvised arrangements made in war time must always be somewhat cumbersome, and will always leave plenty of room for criticism.

WHAT AIR FORCE NEEDS.

"There is much duplication, and a great many of these most excellent officers are engaged in filling up unnecessary forms and carrying out circumlocutory methods of conducting business.

"Of course, the Hotel Cecil does not lend itself to efficient organisation. It is, as you know, a vast building with a multitude of small rooms.

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STRATEGIC COUNCIL."

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"So far not one of them has risen to the rank of brigadier general on any of the battle-fronts or in the training divisions at home.

WAR SERVICE TO COUNT.

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FRENCH FRONT QUIET.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.—There were fairly lively actions between Montdidier and Noyon.

The reconnoitring parties operating in this district brought back prisoners.

North of St. Mihiel and in Lorraine, in the Embembares and Bures sectors, we penetrated into the enemy lines and made some ten prisoners.

Elsewhere we repulsed German coups de main

north of Hill 304, in the St. Mihiel district, in the Woëvre and on Bonhomme Hill.

LEAD PILOTS TO FRANCE.

The Secretary of the Air Ministry states:—

"With regard to the statements concerning the work of the Sunday newspapers, Major-General Sykes, the new Chief of the Air Staff, wishes it to be known that it was that distinguished officer Lieutenant-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., D.S.O., and not himself, who took the original squadrons of the R.F.C. to France and was in command during all the early months of the war.

"Major-General Sykes was Chief Staff Officer to the Force."

N.Z. FOOD PRODUCTION

5481A



The handy-men. Making the hutches for housing the bunnies.



These furry inhabitants are almost ready for the table.

New Zealand soldiers at a convalescent home in Essex breed rabbits for food. They hope to have 2,000 animals by the end of the year, though thirty are killed for food each week.

AMERICANS COME TO SEE

5481B



The party, representing every shade of American opinion, leaving the liner.

MARRIAGE OF R.A.F. OFFICER.



Lieut. Edward Heron, R.A.F., and Miss Hilda R. Hambleton were married at Chelsea.

5481C



WOMAN LAWYER. — Miss Helen P. McCormick is the first district attorney in history ever appointed in Greater New York. Her father is an Irishman.

PERTINENT

5481D



Mrs. Clémence de Cressy, wife of the Commandant of the Royal Red Cross in recognition of valuable services.



The vice-president of a railway has arrived in England to study war leaders and other

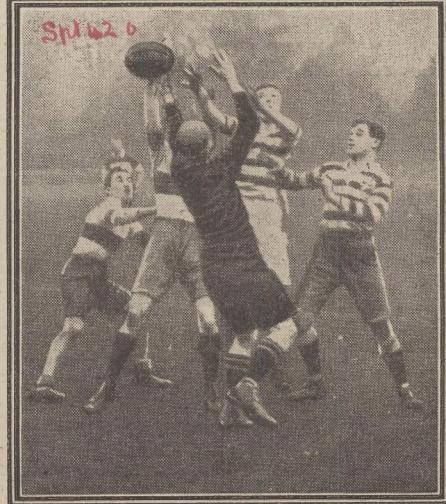
AUSTRALIANS AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS MEET AT FOOTBALL.

5481E



An exciting moment in the game.

5481F



A line out. Jumping for possession.

"MENTIONED." — Miss M. D. Salmon, "mentionable" for valuable nursing services in connection with the Red Cross.



MEDAL. — Lieut. P. Smith awarded Gold Albert Medal for saving a mechanic from a burning bomb store in France.

WOMEN'S FIELD H



Prince George of Greece inspecting Field Hospital with the Serbians, prior to de

With a struggle against the Public Schools Services at Richmond on Saturday, the Australian Headquarters' team wound up their season. The Australians played splendidly, but were ultimately beaten by two goals.

ONALITIES
19825

Mrs. Colin Healy, recently married to Lieutenant G. C. Healy. She is the daughter of Captain G. C. Hall, and has been working at the Ministry of Pensions.

58120



—EUROPE'S WAR CONDITIONS.



Mrs. Helen Grenfell, interested in education, is welcomed by the munitionettes.

51332



TO WED.—Miss Marjorie Boyd, whose marriage to Lieut.-Col. Bertie O. Fisher, D.S.O., will take place at St. George's Cathedral on April 25.

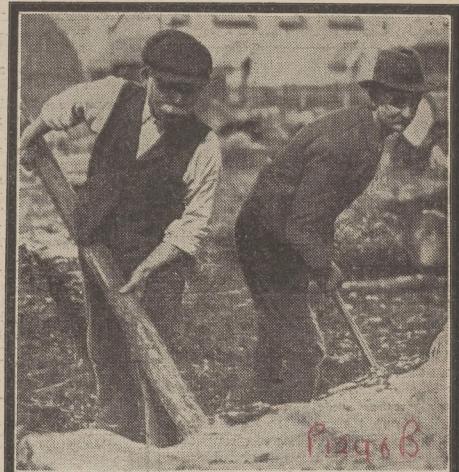
A GORDON WEDS A GRADUATE



Lieut. E. A. Suckling and Miss Jean M. Miller, M.A., were married at Edinburgh.

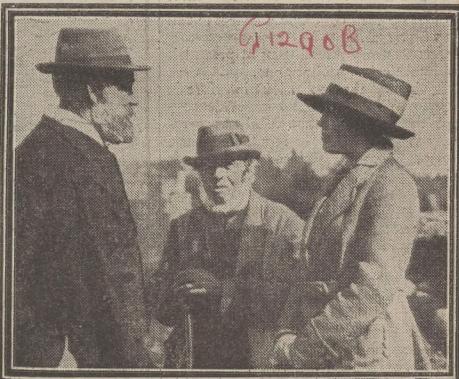
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BROADLANDS VETERANS



Two veterans—G. Harding (left) and W. Humphreys.

512908



Mrs. Ashley and the two oldest workers at Broadlands.

On the estate at Broadlands, the property of Colonel Wilfred Ashley, M.P., many aged labourers are still employed. The two talking to Mrs. Ashley were there in the days of Lord Palmerston.—(Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

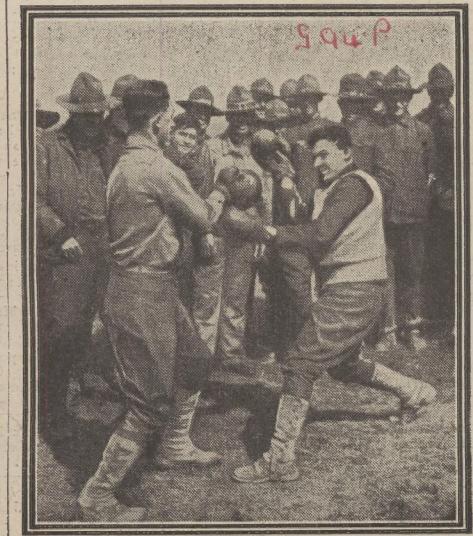
ard as a souvenir of his visit.
the United States have just
The party includes Labour
e politicians.

FOR SERBIANS.



512942

WITH THE GLOVES ON THIS TIME.



5944P

In the American lines. A sportsmanlike "set-to" that is still good training for the fight against opponents who do not know how to play the game.

A PICTURESQUE RECRUIT.



519937A

Stanislaus Kelanowski, who escaped from the Bolsheviks and made his way to England. He intends to join the Polish Legion of the French Army.



Sister H. I. Hallahan, of Camberley Military Hospital, Surrey. Mentioned for nursing service in connection with the

19033A



KILLED.—Major W. E. Furneaux, M.C., 9th Searforth, has been killed in action in the recent fighting.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1918.

NO CONTROVERSY!

AN earthquake is in progress, wrote a military critic on Saturday, who (unlike most of his kind) has shown considerable foresight in military matters; an earthquake, a great spreading of wind-blown flames; a huge battle which rages on with incredible vehemence, yet incredible length. It does not yet burn itself out, this battle, but grows and continues. At home we can only watch, for the moment; we can endure; we can utter no word of controversy or complaint.

Complaint is in fact practically dead; we hear fewer grumblings about negligible things.

On the other hand, controversy continues. A very controversial Bill this week hurrying through Parliament makes a certain amount of argument inevitable. But argument is also stimulated by men who unwise ally their anxiety in the midst of the battle to prompt them to revive questions which it is obviously too late to discuss now that the earthquake is upon us. Hardly otherwise at Messina, as the houses shook and collapsed, might the wiseacres have debated as to whether it wouldn't be better to build wooden huts instead of stone houses next time; for then there would be less to fall down with a crash.

The controversy affecting us at present is the old v. military one.

It is claimed that politicians interfere in strategy. Without a scrap of evidence—except the symptom that Ministers occasionally visit the front—a reputable writer, Professor Spenser Wilkinson, again made the charge yesterday. One would heed him when one would laugh at certain other "infallible" people in Press or on platform. But Professor Wilkinson gives no evidence, as we say, for his thesis; and meanwhile, against it, there is the fact that a soldier, Lord Kitchener, ran the first stage of the war, with the politicians held at bay. This is omitted from the argument.

But for the moment—this most critical moment—we do not intend (like the Professor) to animate old bitterness.

What we want to do is to suggest that this is not the time for that controversy, and that the great war maxim of the *Morning Post*, "anybody in uniform" (except Lord Fisher) never makes a mistake," may be held in reserve, as our winning strategical and intellectual trump. It is in any case—both sides will agree—too late for the debate. The guns are deciding for us.

And, may we add that it is too late for tiresome sermons, addressed to those at home about man-power.

Whatever measure passes or doesn't pass cannot now affect the situation—can only tell in six months' time. But, to hear the sermonisers, you would suppose the fate of Baileuil and Bethune depended on the action of supposed shirkers in this country now!

Fortunately, it is not so. Our line depends upon the men who never shirk; and they are nobly holding it for civilisation.

W. M.

LOVE AND MEMORY.

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years, Far worthier things than tears. The love of friends without a single fee:

Unquestioned, below the sun.

His gentle soul, his genial, these are thine:

For these thou dost thyne repine?

He may have left the lonely walks of men;

Left them he has; what then?

Not his footstep followed by the eyes

Of all the good and wise?

The love of friends, over, yet they seek

Upon the lonely peak.

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows

O'er death's perennial snows.

Behold him! from the region of the blest

He speaks: he bids thee rest. —W. S. LANDOR.

IN MY GARDEN.

April 14.—Cabbages planted last autumn are now growing quickly. If some few manure or other stimulant is available let this be sprinkled over the ground and carefully hoed in. Spinach, too, may be treated in the same manner.

Keep on planting out onions raised in heat. Set them firmly in the ground. Make further sowings of peas, spinach, radish, beet and turnips.

E. F. T.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

BETTER NEWS.

Proposed Creches for the Children of the Rich—Much Grand Opera.

PEOPLE LOOKED little more cheerful yesterday when the Haig dispatch telling of the Hun failure to make any impression on our dauntless line came over the tape. It was a serious but not a sombre week-end. Yesterday the churches were crowded. April 1918, will be looked back upon as a fateful month for Britain.

Twenty-One.—Next week Princess Mary will be twenty-one. In normal times there would have been great rejoicings, for our sunny-haired Princess grows more popular every day. One feature of the birthday is that she comes into her income of £6,000 a year.

Princess Mary as Patron.—They tell me at the Roll of Honour Hospital for Children

Communal Nurseries.—The idea of the communal nursery is catching on. Nearly all the professional nurses are engaged in hospitals, and now that so many women have to take their husbands' places, the only way, they say, of disposing of the nursery difficulty is to have creches for the children of the rich.

Spectacles Scarcity.—Take care of your glasses, if the lenses are at all unusual. Recently a friend of mine broke his, and instead of getting them replaced in three days, as formerly, he will have to wait three weeks.

Increased Cost.—There is a real scarcity in lenses. One optician told my friend that Swiss, French, American and Lancashire makers are not able to execute one-fifth part of his orders. And the cost has increased. Lenses that cost 8s. 6d. a year ago are now 10s. 6d. or more.

"The New Tivoli."—The big Canadian Y.M.C.A. centre, which is now being built on



The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Campbell, formerly of New York.



Mr. Donald Calthrop in "The Boy" at the Adelphi.

Sunday Lunch.—Among the lunchers at Claridge's yesterday were General Lord Albermarle and Lord Caledon, of the Life Guards. There were any number of small children there, for it is the fashion now to be seen about with one's offspring.

A Show.—After lunch I went to the Devonshire Club, where Sir Brynmor and Lady Jones, with Miss Adeline Genée were giving an entertainment to the wounded. Mr. Peter Gavathorne was there in uniform.

An American Sportsman.—Major August Belmont, the chairman of the American Jockey Club, who won the St. Leger a few years back with Tracery, has returned to France from the United States.

An Ascot Sensation.—Tracery would probably have won the Ascot Gold Cup in Prince Palatine's year had he not been brought down by a lunatic who dashed across the course armed with a revolver.

Prisoner of War.—Racegoers will be delighted to hear that Captain R. L. Busby, M.C., who was reported missing, is safe, but a "prisoner of war" at Frankfort. Captain Busby is the popular secretary of the Manchester Racecourse Company.

Quaint Title.—"Uncle Anyhow" is the peculiar label of the new play which Mr. Alfred Sutro has written for the Haymarket. Mr. Dennis Eadie will be the "lead," and he will be supported by Mr. Randle Ayrton, among others.

New Farce.—After the recent orgy of first nights, this week will be theatrically quiet. The only production noted in my diary is "Be Careful, Baby," at the Apollo, on Wednesday.

No Curtain-Raisers.—One accompaniment of the restricted theatrical hours is the death of the one-act play. Nowadays the market for these little pieces—which take more writing than is generally supposed—will be the big variety theatres.

"Romance's" Successor.—Despite all the statements which have appeared, Miss Doris Keane has not really made up her mind what play she will put on to follow "Romance." It may be "Roxane," and it may not.

The Cheese Judged.—I chanced to be at Simpson's, in the Poultry, this week-end when the weight, height and girth of the famous cheese was correctly guessed. This is only the eighth time it has been done in thirty-one years, although the guessing is a daily institution.

Jockey Club Meeting.—A meeting of the Jockey Club will be held at noon to-day at Derby House, when the annual discussion of the affairs of the club will be held.

More Opera.—In the summer, for the first time in our theatrical history, there will be two seasons of grand opera in English. Sir Thomas Beecham's company will be at Drury Lane and the Carl Rosa at a theatre further West. It will be interesting to see how musical London rises to the occasion.

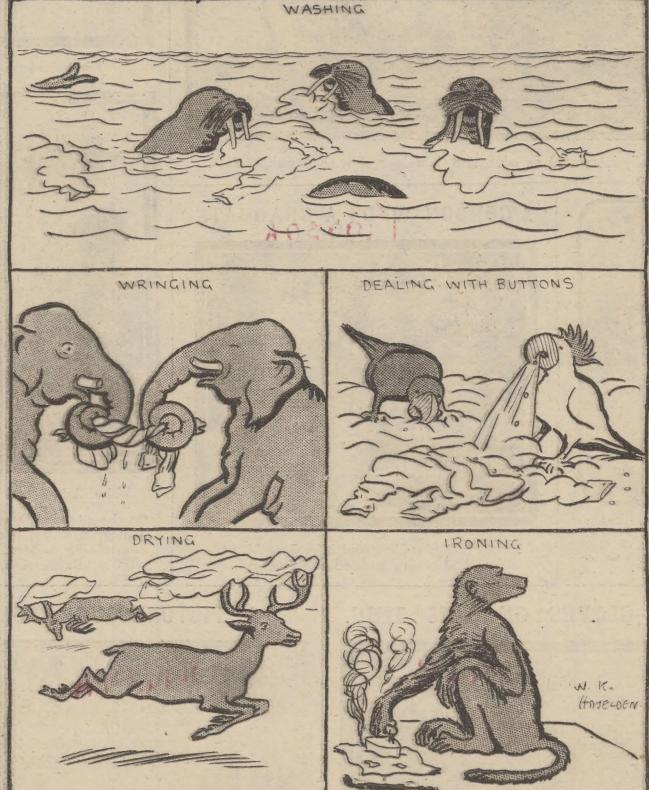
Pageantry.—Mr. Louis N. Parker's pageant, "The Treasures of Britain," is to have a revival. And for a good cause, for it will be done at a special Shaftesbury matinee in aid of Charing Cross Hospital. Queen Alexandra will be among those who will see it.

Opals.—Do not our women believe any more that opals are "unlucky"? I notice many women wearing them. One tells me that she prefers the stone to any other, although care must be taken in washing the hands, as opals are affected by water and opal rings for this reason often lose their stones.

For News.—Thousands of anxious relatives of N.C.O.s and men waste their time by applying at the War Office for news of their soldiers. The proper place is York House, Kingsway.

THE RAMBLER.

AN IMAGINARY WAR STAFF FOR LAUNDRIES.



Laundry prices are continually going up, and the higher they get the more destructive appear to be the methods of the "wash." One's linen is torn to pieces. Can it be that, in the usual shortage of labour, a war staff composed of the above animals has been "called up" to replace men and women in washing work?—(By W. K. Haseiden.)

that they are very proud of having secured Princess Mary for their patron. This is the first time the Princess has given her patronage to any public institution.

M.R.—Lawyers are kicking about the long delay in appointing a new Master of the Rolls. Mr. Wilson Fox, who is a barrister, and was once Public Prosecutor of Rhodesia, intends to ask pointed questions in the House about it.

A Memorial.—I hear that Lord Rosebery is having a marble tablet erected in Christ Church, Epsom, to the memory of his second son, Captain Neil Primrose, who was killed in Palestine. Christ Church is near The Durdans, Lord Rosebery's favourite seat.

A Fine Swordsman.—Brigadier-General C. E. Heathcote, D.S.O., who gets the C.M.G., is one of the finest fencers in the Services. He was beaten in the final of the bayonet fighting of the Army championship in 1903.

the Tivoli site in the Strand, will not be completed, I learn, till midsummer. It is hoped the opening ceremony will be performed by Sir Robert Borden.

No Man is Perfect.—Miss May Christie, the writer of the new serial which begins in *The Daily Mirror* to-morrow, has purposely avoided endowing her hero with all the manly virtues. She has made him just an ordinary flesh-and-blood person. "I don't believe there ever was a perfect man," she told me. Perhaps she is right!

Mixed Grill Theater.—I have been shown an interesting souvenir programme, sent by Prince Albert Ligne to Mr. George Grossmith in commemoration of a performance of "To-night's the Night," given in Holland by "The Mixed Grill Theater Co.," which is a combination of interned British officers and Dutch society ladies. Mr. F. Penley, the sailor son of the late W. S. Penley, "produced."

"The Rambler."

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THE SECRET WIFE By JOHN CARDINAL

"WOULD YOU HELP?"

"I SUPPOSE I would do it all over again if I had had," Nora finished defiantly.

And Sheffield faced her during a long silence. There was a line across his brow, and his dark face was inscrutable as he argued in his mind everything that she had told him. He was past saving now, he thought, and, if necessary, he would shoot him.

"If you had told me this before . . . " he said at last. But Nora interrupted him with a scornful gesture. She was as angry as he was.

"I didn't—because I couldn't. That must be plain—even to you." There was contempt in this last that had fresh power to sting him. Nora saw him wince under it. She did not care.

"And now you're wondering what to do, you're outside your wife's rage about it. You won't punish everybody, I suppose, unless they come to you begging to be forgiven. Well, I shan't, for one! You were delighted to have the chance of making Tony suffer—you told me so yourself . . ."

"So you still think of Tony?" Sheffield thrust it at her like an accusation. Nora denied it with instant vehemence.

"I don't! Haven't I told you that he's nothing to me? It isn't Tony I'm thinking about at all. It's father—your father, upstairs. He'll recover from this, the doctor promised us—but he mustn't think of business for a long time, and it's any worry on his mind. . . . Worry—it's worse than that—it's fear—"

Nora stopped abruptly. She could not voice that dread of prosecution and prison which had brought the house and everybody in it into the deepest shadow yet.

"You're thinking of getting Madge Russell to persuade—I know that. When perhaps Gladys or I or mother might be able to persuade her to wait . . . somehow we would get the money."

"There are others besides Madge Russell," Sheffield observed, cynically. Nora flamed out at him in a height of scorn.

"And if there are! We might be able to bring them round, too—I'd never give up hope. And what good will it do you—just to get a man to pay to gratify yourself? It'll break father up altogether, and all of us . . . not that it matters about me!"

"No other man would do it—when he could so easily help instead. I won't say any more. If you do it, it will only be because of that crooked streak in you you confessed to me the other day!"

And Nora turned quickly. She was glad to make out that she was right, but she would wait no longer, she told herself, and there was nothing more to do but to wait for the blow that now must fall. Let George Sheffield do what he liked; so far as she was concerned, it was all ended.

But before she reached the door she knew Sheffield was at her side; she stopped wearily.

"What else is there? Couldn't you . . . just go?"

"Thanks," Sheffield muttered. "I can . . . and I will . . . in one moment." Anger had seeped up in him at those words of hers, at her contemptuous repugnance, but he showed no sign of it. Nora had chosen to fling that taunt at him, then . . . to sulky the memory of that one hour he might hope to keep a precious thing in his mind. The crooked streak, eh? Well, then, he would make use of it for revenge; a man would want to have a crooked streak to combat all the lies of which he had been made a prey.

"Did you mean what you said—that you wouldn't see young Herrick again?"

"Of course, I meant it."

"Then would you stick to it? Answer, Nora. You talked about my help; if you want that?"

"Yes . . . and go about with me . . . be my companion as before, as though nothing of this had happened!"

Nora changed quickly. Some faint incredulous hope of saving things for those stricken ones upstairs moved within her heart.

It made her cry out with a passionate eagerness. "Oh, do you mean that you would help?" For a second, and no more, she knew a shiver of repulsion at the thought of entering into a new bondage, when she had known the joy of stepping out of her bonds of freedom . . . she conquered that very swiftly. "I would do anything . . . anything. Would you help?"

Sheffield nodded, grim and satisfied.

A DISCOVERY.

"I TOLD you that I would. It's just another bargain—if you accept it." His resentment was implacable. Already he was telling himself that there could be no more pleasant way of retaliation than this, that he would have Nora's companionship again.

He saw the lips move in faint, still smile. And as cold as it had been a man of business, a prisoner to that bitter resentment which seemed to have become part of himself, he emphasized the meaning of his proposal. For this would strike at young Herrick, too; he had meant that . . .

"You understand, Nora. I hold you to your word, that you will make no attempt to see Tony Herrick again—that it will be just as if I did not know about yourself and him!"

Sheffield had to bend his head to hear her answer now.

"If you will help . . . yes . . ."

"You can rest easy about that," he laughed discordantly. "That will be easy enough. That's only money—the easiest thing in the world. You needn't tell your father that I know anything—"

He stopped short. "Ah, but you'll have to, or he will be worrying worse than before. I leave it to you to tell him just what you like . . . to keep from him just what you can. All that

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

concerns me is that you may tell him from me that I am to be your wife. I will be found for him to settle the Russell affair. And the others—there are sure to be others; he can have as much as he wants. I'll talk the matter over with him as soon as he is able to discuss anything in detail. But the money's the thing that's all I have to go to think about at present. I'll fix up the Russell business for him immediately. I'll go there now." It was all precise and bare and brutal; George Sheffield meant it to be. Nora gave him no answer; and, indeed, any word of thanks would have been a mockery. He did not look at her; he went away with another word.

Sheffield went straight to Madge Russell's flat in Chelsea. He settled down to wait for her to return with dogged patience. Once, reviewing that strange last hour with Nora rather as a sort of battle, he laughed. Odd that in spite of all, he should still be keeping Nora at his beck and call, for that was what it amounted to; odd, too, that it didn't seem to be bringing him very much pleasure . . . yet.

Then there was an impetuous knock, and Sheffield stood up, ready to receive it. But he quickly reflected that it couldn't be Madge, who would have no need to knock. It was Dick Russell who, the next minute, burst into the pleasant room.

He was pleased beyond expression to see Sheffield; the last time he had shaken hands with him was when Sheffield had gone down to Victoria to see him off, the first time Dick had departed for "out there."

He laughed at Sheffield's idea that he was wondering about the house this evening, and had drifted casually in to see his sister. This child—when he was on leave—knew slightly better than that, Dick explained. He had spent the evening with a very jolly crowd, and they had all gone round, or were going round bit by bit, to finish up at Ensor's flat—dick Sheffield knew Ensor? Some anxiety had said that it was a crime to be leaving Madge out of all the fun he had depredated him to hurry along and fetch her.

Wouldn't Sheffield come, too—Dick knew he would be welcome. Sheffield was doubtful, and said that he wanted to see Madge on important business.

Then he remembered what Nora had told him, that it was Dick who had been looking up the whole thing. It was Dick who had visited Mr. Gladys' office after the affair before Gladys' blunt probing of what was going on had caused her father's collapse—Nora had said only very little about that, but with his quick mind Sheffield had easily pieced it altogether. He began to question Dick about Madge's affairs, and, so not to awaken any suspicion in the young man's mind—for that must be avoided—explained that he was handling the matter on Mrs. Wynne's behalf, for Mr. Wynne had suddenly been taken ill.

Dick Russell got enthusiastic at once. It had been a great stroke of business, the way he had looked after things for Madge, and Sheffield agreed.

There would be at least £5,000 to come from the sale of the property, explained Dick. Mr. Wynne had been a little vague as to the exact amount it would fetch at the present quotation of the different shares it comprised.

"You see," he apologised, "I haven't had much of a business training. Mr. Shepherd. Mr. Wynne was going to send me an exact list of the holdings Madge has."

"Well, you certainly want that," Sheffield laughed. "But surely Madge herself has a record of them somewhere?"

"She's sure to," Dick Russell agreed. "But I haven't bothered her much about the business. She just said I could go ahead as I liked when I insisted that it was time I found out for her just now—she stood and realised what there was for her."

"Madge did have a list, now I think of it," he asserted confidently. "I remember her showing it to me, and she would be certain to keep it here somewhere—I'll have it for you in no time. Then you'll be all ready when she comes back . . . and she won't have to wait long."

"Better wait," Sheffield suggested. But he shook his head, persisting in a fruitless search through the drawers of an old bureau.

Not there, anyway. He humped back a lot, looking round in a listless mass. Suddenly he had an inspiration . . . that elusive memory had been vainly trying to capture came to him without warning.

"I know where Madge keeps it now," he exclaimed. "There's some kind of a secret thing—gumminy in this old bureau of hers—Madge keeps all her treasures there. I'll have it in a minute!"

His searching fingers succeeded in finding the spring before very long. She held it back, looking over her shoulder. The cunning door of a compartment Sheffield would never have suspected the bureau to contain flew open suddenly, and Dick Russell snatched at the few papers it contained.

"Madge always kept all her treasures here," her brother repeated. Something dropped from among the papers and fell on the floor face upward. "Well, that's queer," Dick Russell said. "For it was a photograph of George Sheff-

ield himself.

This story will end to-morrow. Be sure to read "Only a Country Girl," which succeeds it. Tell your friends about it, and order your "Daily Mirror" from your newsagent to-day to avoid disappointment.

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Daily Mirror

NEW AIR STAFF CHIEF.

P15048

P15154



Maj.-Gen. F. H. Sykes. Maj.-Gen. Sir Hugh Trenchard.

Major-General F. H. Sykes, C.M.G., has been appointed Chief of the Air Staff, R.A.F., on the resignation of Maj.-Gen. Sir H. Trenchard, K.C.B., D.S.O. Maj.-Gen. Sykes was one of the first officers to qualify as a pilot.

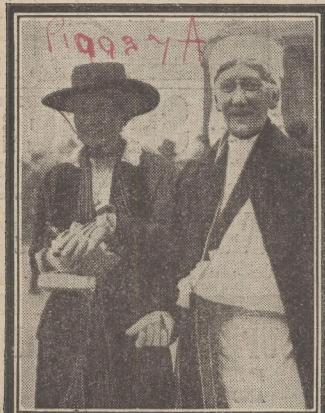
SIR D. HAIG AT "THE SALON."

P19222



Statuette of the British Commander-in-Chief, modelled by the famous French sculptor M. Auguste Seysses, shortly to be exhibited in the Paris Salon.

A NURSE'S HONOURS.



Sister Everett leaving Buckingham Palace with two badges of honour—a wounded arm and the Royal Red Cross.

ONLY JUST BEHIND THE WESTERN BATTLE LINE.

S61869



Intelligence officers interrogating a German prisoner captured during a counter-attack by Canadian troops on the western front.—(Canadian official.)

P6180G



Enjoying a brief respite from the fight. The only thing that can keep the men from sleep is the desire to send a message home.—(Canadian official.)

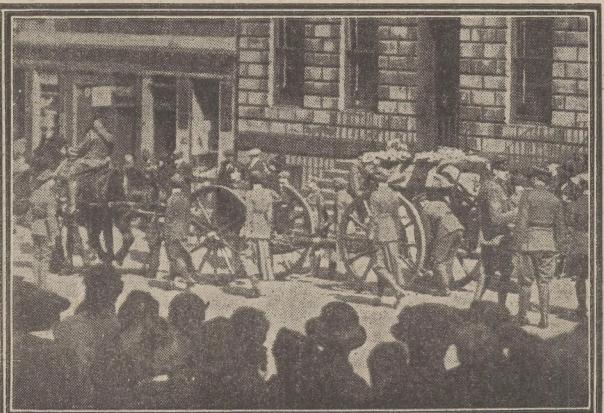
Smiling under trying conditions.
(Canadian official.)

HEROIC CHAPLAIN.



The Rev. Edward Victor Tanner, who has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. His coolness greatly helped to prevent a panic.

WOMAN WAR WORKER'S FUNERAL AT EDINBURGH.



Placing the coffin on the gun-carriage at the funeral of Mrs. Maclean, of the Woman's Legion, who was killed while on duty in Edinburgh. This was the first military funeral of the Woman's Legion.—(Exclusive to The Daily Mirror.)

MAUD ALLAN VERSUS 'P.B.'

P24027



Miss Maud Allan (right) and Mrs. J. T. Grein arriving at Bow-street Police Court for the "Pemberton Billing" case.